NOW THAT I'VE DECIDED TO LET TH' FOLKS BACK HOME SEE THEIR WANDERIN' PRODIGAL IN ALL HIS GLORY, TH' NEXT PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED IS—HOW'M I GONNA RAISE TH' DOUGH TO MAKE TH' EXCURSION?
?
WELL—YOU CLAIM TO BE PRETTY GOOD AT SOLVING PROBLEMS—BUT THAT'S ONE THAT WOULD STUMP A REAL MATHEMATICIAN, EH!
I HAVE IT—I'LL CASH IN ON MY STOCK ON TH' COPPER MARKET—THEN WHEN I GET TO MUDSINK, TENN. MY WALLET WILL MAKE TH' TOWN BANK LOOK LIKE A POOR HOUSE—WOMEN DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT COPPER!
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IF YOU SELL THAT STOCK IT'LL BRING ABOUT ENOUGH FOR CARFARE TO THE DEPOT—WE MAY NOT KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT COPPER, BUT WE HAVE SOME CENTS—
YOU KEEP IT WELL CONCEALED
YES, AND IF YOU GET HOME ON WHAT YOU GET OUT OF THAT STOCK THE PEOPLE'LL CERTAINLY SAY "HE'S THE SAME ABNER—" YOUR POCKETBOOK'LL BE AS DEVOID OF CENTS AS YOUR BEAN-
Little

HEY, GET UP MR SIMP! YOU CANT PAY YOUR BOARD LOUNGING IN BED 24 HOURS A DAY- IF YOU WERE A BIRD YOU'D NEVER CATCH THE PROVERBIAL WORM)
I WANTA CLEAN UP THAT ROOM—
DON'T DO IT- IT WOULDN'T SEEM LIKE HOME—
AN' I'M ALL FAGGED OUT— TH' TRIP HOME ON THAT TRAIN GOT ON MY NERVES— DIDN'T CLOSE AN EYE- I NEED SLEEP—
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SAY, YOU'VE BEEN RESTING EVER SINCE YOU FIRST CLIMPSED THE LIGHT OF DAY-STILL, I GUESS THOSE DAY COACH SEATS WERE HARD TO SLEEP ON- AND, TOO, I RECKON THERE WERE NO BENCHES IN THE PARKS IN MUDSINK, TENN—

<-- Esc to close image. Use scroll bar to move left and right on wide images -->

ABNER SIMP

By Tom Little

OH MOM! COME QUICK- THERE'S A FIRE IN MR. SIMP'S ROOM- THE SMOKES BOOMING OUT THE KEYHOLE——
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HEY! MR. SIMP-UNLOCK THIS DOOR- THE HOUSE IS BURNING DOWN—I-HOPE YOU ROAST!
BANG!
BANG
KER-CHOO! ALFRED! PHONE THE FIRE DEPARTMENT-QUICK! THAT MANS GONE OFF WITH THE KEY IN HIS POCKET!
JUST WAIT'LL I LAY EYES ON THAT FIRE BUG——
HEY CASEY TURN ON TH' SUDS-THIS AINT NO FIRE-IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE
—HE'LL GET A SURPRISE HE'S NOT LOOKING FOR——
—GEE - WITH A LITTLE MORE PRACTICE MY SMOKE RINGS'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR INNER TUBES-
Tom Little